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Special to THE COLONIST.]

A NIGHT OF PEACE.

Bill Nye says, However, That it Wasn't Quite that—He Loves the Country.

As a Sleeping Place it Might be Improved upon. Horseback Riding and What it May Tend to.

[Copyright, 1892, by Edgar W. Nye.]

BUCK SHOALS, N. C., June.

A night in the country is one of the most restful things I know of for the tired mind. I came here with that idea. I needed rest. I had been troubled with insomnia.

In the early spring I overthought myself. I had one great big, robust thought, but I could not seem to clothe it. Clothing a thought properly so that it will please the public is a gift. Quite a number of the most remarkable children of my brain are still weeping in the great bathroom of the past because they are not suitably clothed.

Some of them I sent to the Browning club, at Boston, where they are being fitted up. I had intended at first to try New York, but Anthony Comstock never took his clothes off for ten nights, but sat up at the Pennsylvania depot watching every train and ready to hop on the first bare thought I dared to send in for suitable drapery.

So I was nervous and especially wakeful. I came here into the pinery forest where a metropolitan sound would be a wonder. I retired early, for I was tired of travel and gorged with man's adulation.

"Oh, rock me to sleep, mother,
Rock me to sleep!

I exclaimed.

Pretty soon a whippoorwill started up right close to the house. If I had not been nervous I would not have noticed it, but as it was I got sort of irritated, for he went into it so much harder than anybody wanted him to. If he had gone steadily on all night I could have slept, but he did not. He had an impediment in his remarks, and sometimes he would quit right in the middle of the word and I could almost grow mad waiting for him to finish it.

Then the clock in the library struck. It does not strike right, and I wondered how far off it was, so I got up like a tall, white, rectified spirit and began to roach for a match. I have two match holders in my room, so that when one is empty I can always fall back on the other.

I fell back on the other almost the first thing I did. I stepped in a flaxseed poultice and tracked it around over the room while feeling for the match safe with outstretched hands, between which I generally had the edge of a door. The first safe I found after a good deal of delay and annoyance, but it only had the other end of two matches—not the bad end. After I had tried both of them in the usual manner, forgetting that the trousers on which I had generally ignited my matches were on a chair in another part of the room, I began once more to feel around the room for the other match safe, ever and anon crossing my old flaxseed poultice trail.

By and by I judged that I had struck the locality, for I was in the neighborhood of the fireplace. I could smell the old embers. I began to grope, and succeeded in getting both arms up the flue quite a long distance before I knew by the soft, nice feeling of the soot where I was. Then I went back and tried it over again, falling over a chair that had pillow shams on it. In the morning I could see where I fell over the pillow shams and saved myself with my grimy hands.

PULLED THE PITCHER OVER.

I now tried the wall, groping along with some care and an occasional dab of soot till I knocked down a picture on a rich and costly Sevres vase which I kept calamus root in. I will have to keep my calamus root in something else hereafter.

By and by I found some more things, but not the match safe. I got sort of wild, and everything about the house seemed so still. Isn't it terrible when a man has that horrible feeling in his own house, as though he might be robbing it?

How glad I am that I never perfected myself as a burglar, as I had intended to do at one time just after I gave up my little paper in the west. For what a life it is; all night work, all among strangers who have no sympathy for one, often coarse people, too, who sleep with their mouths open and their rooms shut. It is just as well, I presume, that I gave it up, for if one cannot find a match box in his own room how could he succeed in finding the concealed purse of a total stranger?

The other match box is over the washstand, and when I found it I did so too earnestly. When you discover anything you should not do it too hard. I knocked down the match safe as I discovered it, and the matches all fell in the water pitcher. I tried to get them out quick, before they got wet, and so pulled the pitcher, over on the floor. As the water ran down through the floor upon a friend who is visiting us and paying his board, he rose and followed up the stream. When he got to where I was he told me what o'clock it was and then went to bed again.

So did I.

The whippoorwill once more opened up and played his tune over and over again till I put on an old pair of ear muffs and stuck my head into the bedding as far as I could, but I could not get the noise out.

Then at 1 o'clock an old rooster at the barn seemed to have something on his mind and began to crow till he was black in the face. I was not very hungry for breakfast, but I managed to eat the second joint of that rooster. I wanted it raw, with the feathers on, but the family thought it would be better fried a little on the outside.

After the rooster an early bird began a roundelay, and a pack of hounds near us made a few statements, lasting till 4 o'clock; then I was just getting sleepy from actual exhaustion when two cats fell on the roof from a great height, possibly out of some other planet, I judged, and began to bite off and spit out fragments of each other. They did that till the whippoorwill got good and rested. Then he took up the exercises and attended to business until the servants began to get up and open the house preparatory to ushering in a gladsome new day.

The country is full of rest and repose and longevity, they tell me, but they are confined largely to deaf people and cows.

During the past week I have been resting quietly and noiselessly trying to grow together again. Two weeks ago I began horseback riding at the suggestion of my physician, who is a thoroughly good man and senior warden and tyler in our church here.

To-day my pulse is normal.
Respiration noticeable.
Temperature 73½.

My physician reports some abrasions and one severe concussion of the cornice. He says that if I had been fatter there would have been a number of flesh wounds.

I was trying my new riding habit from Boston. My riding habit was formed there. But where I erred was in trying the habit without blinding the horse. You can't come into full bloom that way all of a sudden on a horse that has had no advantages and who has never been accustomed to a great big burst of loveliness.

A FALL LIKE ADAM'S.

So we came home from the trial by different roads. When my wife saw the palfrey coming home wearing the saddle over his stomach, she said that it was just like me to send home the horse draped that way just to please the dear ones before I got there myself.

My fall reminded me very much of Adam's, it was so sudden and so hard. I fell more painfully than the author of "Beautiful Snow," but I can overcome it in society quicker. It was the most painful thing that has happened since the war, and inside of twenty minutes I met all the people of North and South Carolina with whom I am acquainted, besides seventy or eighty from New York, who are here for their health and watching to see better people fall off their horses.

I have always said that the roads here should be macadamized, but if they can be upholstered at the same price it would suit me better.

This horse grew up on the frontier, and is a sort of self made horse. Civilization scares him almost to death. So he unseated me as though I had been the snap delegate of a rump convention. I still remain so.

A correspondent from Ocala wants to know which, in my judgment, is Walt Whitman's most enjoyable poem.

Without hesitation I would say that the most enjoyable one, because the only one, barring "My Captain" perhaps, which I can understand without overstimulating myself, is one containing the following:

I think I could turn and live with animals,
they are so placid and self contained.
I stand and look at them long and long.
They do not sweat and whine about their condition;
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep
for their sins;
They do not make me sick discussing their
duty to God.
Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented
with the mania of owning things;
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that
lived thousands of years ago;
Not one is respectable or unhappy over the
whole earth.

It is no more poetry, perhaps, than the annual tax list for 1892, but it has ideas in it, and ideas are going to hurt no man.

Poetry is a queer thing. I enjoy it where I find it unconventional and from the heart. Mr. Ril-y writes me from Duluth, and drops into poetry so gently and so gracefully that I must run the risk of vexing him by quoting a page from his letter.

"But," he writes, "what shall I tell you of my first impression of America as I set foot on Duluth soil—or *in* it rather for it is raining still, as it has been for the last few months, in a way that seems very hard to overcome. Albeit, as Brother Brightwaters might cheerily remark:

"Oh! what so grand as a May day scene?
The fields is green and the woods is green,
And the skies is soft as the cooing dove
You have heard so highly spoken of.

"Back several miles from here I began to note evidence of northern latitude, as compared with that so recently left in Indiana. For instance, although I had three pairs of underclothing, I noted with regret that I was wearing two pairs of them in my grip and not where my third pair was growing, oh, so cold and distant. Then quite a few knit jackets on low, soggy and sinister passengers began to appear, who talked in unaccustomed tongues and with a dialect that smelled fishy and of a sort o' glittery yellow-whisky tang that never yet was seen on sea or land. Also at the stations along the route began to appear the object which the curious tourist first takes for a dead cow imperfectly buried, but which upon nearer approach proves to be our old friend with the buffalo overcoat that oftimes barks and snarls at our acute sensibilities as we jolt onward with the grand march of civilization. But the dear old bovine overcoat is going!

"It is wearing awa', Jean,
Like snow when it's thaw, Jean,
And its haunches are a', Jean,
As bald as the tomb!

"There's cark there and care, Jean,
And wear and tear there, Jean,
But there's mighty little hair, Jean,
Unsocked up the flume!"

[This word is a little obscure in the original, but looks some like "deemed" or "denied," but evidently it is neither of these. B. N.

Poetry like this does not bear the marks of the coldchisel, and the smell of blasting powder is not on it, but oh! how truthful it is! How the buffalo overcoat of the northwest, with red flannel lining to it, and the odor of the tepee and the dead and unchlorided past rises up before the eye of one as one reads these simple yet tru hful lines to one's self.

BILL NYE.

Written for the COLONIST.]

PRACTICAL POULTRY RAISING.

[By T. A. Willitts, Weston, Ont.]

(Continued.)

Don't be carried away by your own prejudices in the matter, recollect that you are catering to the public, and if you wish to win a reputation for your dressed poultry you must supply what the public want, and the majority of those who represent the first class buyers of any city in Canada or the United States, prefer a fowl with yellow skin, and yellow beak, and clean yellow shanks free from feathers, such fowls in this country rank as first class table poultry, whilst birds with white skin, and white, willow or black shanks and considered second class goods. In England the reverse is the case, white skin fowls ranking first, the Dorking being held in great esteem, but in America this fowl is not bred to any extent; on the other hand Plymouth Rocks are coming rapidly into favor in England, large numbers of them being exhibited at every poultry show, the sterling merits of the breed have won for them the good opinions of English breeders. This preference for white or yellow skin, is doubtless all a matter of fancy, the probability is that not one person in fifty could tell after a fowl is roasted whether it originally possessed white skin or yellow, and as neither the shanks nor beak appear on the table it would seem a matter of difference what color they were, such however, is not the case, the public have their whims, and if you wish to sell your poultry to the best advantage, you must humor those whims, you will find it much easier to do this than to change public opinion to your own way of thinking. If your fowls have while skin and white or black shanks, the best thing you can do is to get rid of them, you can never produce first class table fowls as long as you breed such stock; don't persuade yourself that they will do well enough at the present time, it is easier to change to the breed that possesses these qualifications now while your flock is small, than it will be when you possess three or four hundred fowls; one of the largest market poulterers in the United States says he cannot afford to breed anything, but what ranks highest in the estimation of the public, because a difference of one cent per lb. makes a difference of $300.00 to him in a year. Don't forget this gentle reader, if you are cherishing visions of a mammoth poultry establishment in the near future, remember that your revenue will be very greatly affected by the class of fowls that you breed. There are over fifty different varieties and sub-varieties of thorough-bred fowls, and many of them would be about as useful to the market poulterer as Blue Jays or Robins; many people keep such fowls for their ornamental appearance, in the same way that others keep white mice, guinea pigs, ring-tail monkeys and other lovely and charming creatures of that ilk.

But few of the ornamented varieties possess any practiced useful qualities, many of them are extremely delicate, and for market purposes are utterly useless. Having disposed of your common scrub hens, your best plan will be to purchase one or two breeding pens of fowls of the variety you have selected as best suited to your purpose. To select the right breed is of vital importance, but it is equally as important to select the right strain of that breed; a strain or family of fowls that possesses in an eminent degree the valuable characteristics you are seeking, viz—early maturity and great prolificacy.

(To be Continued.)

"How is it, my dear, you used never to give me cigars that cost less than sixteen or twenty dollars for my birthday? but these—huh—well, the least said of them, the better." "Why, don't you remember saying that we must economize when you gave me the diamond necklace, you dear, inconsistent old boy?"

Mr Fizzletop was under the painful necessity of administering a severe castigation to his son Johnny. After he had completed his labors, he said sternly to the suffering victim: "Now tell me why I punished you." "That's it," sobbed Johnny; "you nearly pound the life out of me, and now you don't even know why you did it."

Philanthropist—"Why are you crying so my child?" Little girl—"Please, sir, me mudder sent me wid fifty cints fer to git bread wid, an' I lost it in that there dark alleyway. I'll be licked terrible." Philanthropist—"Well, well, my poor child; dry you tears. Here is—a match. Perhaps you may be able to find it."

OUR OTTAWA LETTER.

The Nelson and Fort Sheppard Railway Bill Discussed In Committee and Shelved.

Proximity to the International Boundary an Objection—Canada First—Arguments Pro. and Con.

OTTAWA, June 7.—The Railway Committee of the House of Commons had under consideration, this morning, the Nelson and Ft. Sheppard Railway Bill.

The Chairman, Mr. Wood, M.P. for Brockville, having read the preamble of the bill:

Sir John Thompson said this was a bill upon which the Government ought to state to the committee the position they took on the application. It was somewhat connected with the old question which had come up so often—of railways running to the international boundary—but in this case it came up in a somewhat new form. The Nelson and Ft. Sheppard line was for the development of a district which, he was informed, was rapidly filling up—the Kootenay district, a country in which magnificent mineral deposits were being worked, and the influx of population was very large. A charter had been granted to the promoters by the Provincial Legislature, and the company had also been subsidized by a liberal land grant. The proposed route was marked on the map which Mr. Mara had supplied for the information of the committee and the proposal was that a charter should be granted by the Parliament of Canada for the purpose of constructing that railway. Now, as regards other railways being allowed to go to the boundary, he thought all such roads had been connected with the railway system of Canada—Mr. Mara would correct him if he were wrong. The position which the Government took was that in view of the development which was promised in the Kootenay region it was very desirable before any charter was given to connect with American lines, that connection should be established with Canadian lines. Under these circumstances the Government would greatly prefer, without laying down any principle which would be inflexible, that the granting of this charter should be postponed for another year with a view of securing if possible that the Kootenay country should be reached and supplied from Canadian sources and connected with Canadian lines. Otherwise the trade of that district would be taken possession of by American railways, whereas there would be no danger if there were connection with lines in our own country, thereby enabling our own people to compete on equal terms, which the Government thought that there was a fair prospect of doing within a reasonable time.

Mr. Mills (Bothwell)—Is there not water connection now?

Sir John Thompson—There is water connection now, but there is a stoppage for a certain period. For how long, Mr. Mara?

Mr. Mara—About four months.

Sir John Thompson having thus expressed himself took his seat.

Mr. Mara then proceeded to explain the situation. He said the matter was one of the deepest interest to his constituents, and he asked the permission of the committee to lay the facts of the case before them. He would in the first place ask the committee not to be prejudiced by a number of articles which had appeared in the leading papers of the Dominion, all of which took much the same ground as that just assumed by the Minister of Justice. He did not believe, however, that Sir John Thompson's mind had been prejudiced by them, because he had assured him he had not seen them. It was evident to those who knew the circumstances of the case that those articles were written in ignorance of the requirements of the country. One writer stated that the B. C. Legislature was opposed to the granting of this charter and that, therefore, it should be refused. Another article stated that several boards of trade in B. C. were opposed to the granting of this charter. The printed slips which had been distributed to the members of the committee, containing the resolutions of the B. C. Legislature and of the different Boards of Trade in favor of the bill, would show how untruthful that statement was. Another article said that English companies were developing mines in Eastern Kootenay; that those mines gave promise of great wealth and, therefore, it would not be in the interests of that country if American railways were allowed to tap the trade of British Columbia at the point which this railway would touch. It was a positive fact, however, that the mines referred to as owned by this English company, were 400 or 500 miles from Nelson, and if the newspaper writer wanted to travel from those mines to Nelson, he would have to cover a distance of 1,500 miles to reach it. Continuing, he (Mr. Mara) said that for many years past, the Kootenay country had been known as rich in low grade ores in vast quantities, but owing to the difficulty of getting provisions and supplies in there, little or nothing in the way of mining was done until within the past six or eight years. He proceeded to explain how the Hall and Silver King mines were discovered, and the encouraging development which had taken place since then. The Kootenay country might be said now to have passed the prospecting age. All that was now required was capital, and capitalists would not invest money where mining facilities were not available. When he (Mr. Mara) first went down there, in the fall of 1889, he found the mining camps were supplied nearly all by the Americans. There was a rough trail built by the Provincial Government, over which freight, costing 10 cents a pound, was carried, but, owing to these exorbitant rates, there was little traffic done. Since then development of an extraordinary character had taken place. Bonner's Ferry, an American town situated near the boundary, near Kootenay lake, had now connection with two railways, and the people of Nelson felt that they should be placed in as good a position as the people of Bonner's Ferry. Nelson is a Canadian town, and the citizens of Victoria and Vancouver have large interests in it.

Mr. Mills (Bothwell)—How far is it from the boundary?

Mr. Mara—By the railway, 40 miles; in a direct line, 25 miles. Continuing, he said that the business men in Nelson were mostly Canadians and the professional men were Canadians. This spring the Bank of Montreal and the Bank of B. C. had opened branches there and the Hudson Bay Company had established a fine store. If, therefore, Nelson were denied railway facilities it would be placed at a disadvantage as compared with the American town of Bonner's Ferry, which had connection with the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern. Instead of building up Nelson, the greater portion of the trade of the district would go to Bonner's Ferry. That was the position which the people of Nelson took. They felt they had the right to ask to be connected with the railway system of the South, which would give them direct connection with Montreal, Toronto and other Eastern Canadian cities, and they asked Parliament to place them in such a position that the trade of the Kootenay country, which properly belonged to Nelson, should be retained to Nelson and not transfered to Bonner's Ferry.

Mr. Sutherland—How far is Nelson from the C.P.R. main line?

Mr. Mara—About 150 miles.

Mr. Mulock—What is the prospect of your proposed road connecting with a Canadian line?

Mr. Mara—There are two roads by which the C.P.R. can connect with this company. One is by the Crow's Nest Pass and the other by building from Revelstoke south. In the latter case they would have to follow the Arrow lakes, the banks of which in places are very abrupt. Then, on the other hand, if the C.P.R. were to begin this year to build the Crow's Nest Pass line it would take them two years to complete it. In the event of the Crow's Nest line only being built, the Victoria and Vancouver men, who naturally are anxious to reach Nelson, would have to go around by Calgary in winter time—a very circuitous route. He hoped the Canadian Pacific would build from Revelstoke southward to Nelson, but from what he heard it appeared that the company only proposed to build to the head of Arrow Lake. If the charter were given to the N. & F. S. Co. he did not think there was the slightest danger of Canada losing the trade of the Kootenay country. He stated that from the intimate knowledge and connection which he had with the carrying trade of that section of the country, so long as our high tariff remained in force, all the staple goods required for that distaict would go from Canadian towns. This had been demonstrated since connection with the C. P. R. was obtained. Last year fully 75 per cent of the supplies for the Kootenay district had gone from Canadian cities, and this year only 90 per cent had gone in. For instance, all the groceries, with the exception of canned fruits, had been sent in there from Canadian cities, and the same remark applied to clothing. Of whiskey nothing but the Canadian article was drunk, and if anyone asked for a glass of whiskey they would be supplied either with Gooderham & Worts' or Corby's (laughter).

Mr. Wood—Do you speak from experience?

Mr. Mara—Yes (loud laughter). He insisted once more that if there were two towns, one of which had railway connection all the year round and the other was sidetracked for four months in the year, the advantage would lie with the former, and that was the position in which matters stood. Now, with regard to the ores of the Kootenay country, 90 per cent. of these ores were low grade. The American tariff of $30 a ton effectually shut them out of the States.

Mr. Mills—What do you propose to do with the road when it is built?

Mr. Mara—That I have nothing to do with; I am simply asking for my constituents that this connection should not be denied them.

Mr. Mills—I do not see what practical use you propose to make of the road unless to carry ores out and bring goods in. If you expect to do neither, I do not see the use of giving the charter.

Mr. Mara—Why has every other part of Canada connection with southern lines of railway? There will always be a large amount of American goods used in this section of the country. For instance in this, which is emphatically a mining country, we will have to depend for a long time on the United States for our mining machinery. I am not arguing in favor of the promoters; I am simply arguing the case as strongly as I can for my constituents which will undoubtedly be benefitted by the road. That the promoters think the enterprise will pay them is shown by the fact that they have applied for a charter.

Sir John Thompson said that Mr. Mara had put the matter very forcibly, but when he said in answer to the question put to him by Mr. Mills, that he had no brief for the promoters, it was evident that what Mr. Mara was doing was simply to express the wishes of his constituents and the Province against the adoption of a rule that railways should not go to the boundary. At the outset he (Sir John) had stated that all these applications should be considered on their merits. Without laying down any inflexible principle, it was proposed to defer the granting of this charter until next year, with a hope of securing connection with our own lines, but he would say this that if the development of the Kootenay country was to be retarded for any length of time for want of connection with the American lines, the Government would not say that the progress of that country was to be forever retarded for that reason. Mr. Mara had admitted that the ores were not to be taken out and supplies were not to come in from the American territory. It was evident then that this region was not going to suffer on account of the refusal for a reasonable time of the Dominion Parliament to grant a charter. He might remind the committee that the C. P. R. made an application to the British Columbia Legislature last session to build a line from Revelstoke, southwards to connect with their present line. The C. P. R. could have had no other scheme in view when they built the 25 miles between Nelson and Sproat's Landing except connection eventually with their main line. He understood that the Canadian Pacific did not propose to build from Revelstoke as an undertaking of the C. P. R. proper, but the application was made by an auxiliary company, and it was rejected by the British Columbia Legislature on account of its being too late. There was every reason to believe that that application would be entertained next year, and might be subsidized by the Legislature. Under these circumstances the committee might fairly wait until next year before granting the charter.

Mr. Mills said that supposing connection were made with the C.P.R., would that be a reason why connections should not be given to the American roads as well? He did not think so. The C.P.R. had connection on the Pacific coast all the way down to California, and further east it had connection down to St. Paul and Minneapolis. The general experience of the people of those states was that they derived greater benefit from the C.P.R. than their own roads furnished. If Parliament refused to grant connection with lines to the south the House would be obliged to regulate rates more than they had done.

Sir John Thompson said that was not his point. His point was that Parliament should not give American connections with our own country before Canadian connections were obtained.

Mr. Barnard said the Minister of Justice had laid stress upon Parliament, not giving connection with the American lines before Canadian connections were obtained. He might tell the Minister, however, that the Kootenay country had connections with the American railway systems as completely and efficiently as it could possibly have. Practically the whole of this district had connection at Bonner's Ferry, the whole year round. To wait for American roads to go in was a bad argument in his judgment.

Sir John Thompson—What is the population of Nelson?

Mr. Barnard—About a thousand.

Mr. Mulock—What are the prospects of the C. P. R. getting in there?

Mr. Barnard said he thought the C.P.R. were bound to go in there in their own interest. So far as the ores were concerned, the United States duty was so high that they would not be taken out. It would be to the advantage, however, of the Kootenay country to get those ores into the States. The people of that district did not care where the ore went any more than did the Manitoba farmer care where his wheat went to. All the large smelting points were in the States. There were no smelters in Canada, and there were not likely to be any for years.

Sir John Thompson—Do you think by giving a rival charter the country would be helped?

Mr. Mara—Why, certainly.

Sir John Thompson said, in his judgment, it did not help a country; it did not lay a rail.

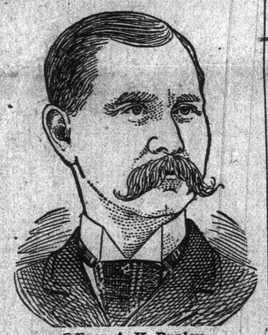
Mr. Sutherland said the arguments which Mr. Mara had advanced were very strong. If this charter were granted it might facilitate connection with our Canadian roads by compelling the C.P.R. to more decisive action. The mining industries of the Kootenay country apparently would be developed by building this road. Mr. Mara and Mr. Barnard had certainly made out a very strong case, and he thought the charter should be granted.

The chairman put the question to the committee for the adoption of the preamble and declared it lost. It was decided, however, to return to the promoters the fees which they had paid, less the cost of printing.

Before the committee rose Mr. Gemmill, of Ottawa, on behalf of the B. C. Southern railway, asked if the principle laid down by the government in the Nelson and F. S. bill would apply to the company which he represented.

Sir John Thompson replied that it would in so far as it referred to that portion of the B. C. Southern Co.'s application for a branch line to the boundary.

The committee then adjourned.



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April

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Lake Winnipeg	do	June 22nd
Lake Ontario	do	June 29th
		From New York.
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